

Philadelphia, May 12, 1838.

My dear and loving Helen:

10 I wrote to you a letter from New-York on Wednesday last, which I entrusted to a friend, and hope it reached Boston seasonably. On the evening of that day, I attended a colonization meeting, which was very much crowded, many of our abolition friends being present. Several characteristic thrusts were made at the abolitionists, of course; but it was a spiritless affair. On Thursday morning, bro. H. C. Wright and myself left for this city, and arrived here at half past 2 o'clock - J. S. Whittier and Rev. Mr. Root and wife being with us. Instead of going to James Mott, (who I knew would be fully supplied with guests,) at the earnest solicitation of bro. Wright, I accompanied to the house of a Quaker friend, named Edward Needles, who, with his excellent wife, received us with unbounded cordiality. Here I have everything heart could wish. Bro. Wright has had his two eldest daughters-in-law boarding in this delightful family for several months past. They are "Garrison abolitionists" of the most ultra stamp, upon almost all subjects. The eldest has a noble countenance; but the youngest has the most enterprise and activity - being an accomplished scholar, versed in the languages, and full of striking traits of character. With Mrs. Needles, you would be delighted, and could not but feel yourself almost as much at home as under your mother's roof; and as for her husband, no man could exhibit more kindness and hospitality. They both (in common with many others) very much regret that I did not bring you and the babes along with me; for they are extremely anxious to see you all. On Thursday evening, a considerable number of sterling male and female friends came to see us - among whom were James Mott and wife, Sarah and A. C. Grinke, David Root and wife, &c. &c. Abolition, Peace, Woman's Rights, Holiness, were the fruitful and important themes of the evening, - and, of course, our tongues were as busy as our hearts were warm. Friends are continually calling to see us. After breakfast yesterday (Friday) morning, I went to see the noble edifice which our friends have erected for free discussion, called "Pennsylvania

Hall," which has just been completed, and in which all our meetings will be held next week. The hall is the largest in this city, and one of the most commodious in the republic. It will seat more than 2000 persons, and is indeed honorable to the moral enterprise of the age. In the course of the forenoon, bro. Wright and I visited our beloved friends the Grimkes, and had considerable conversation about the approaching marriage. I frankly told Angelina my feelings, and expressed my fear that bro. Wald's sectarianism would bring her into bondage, unless she could succeed in emancipating him. She heard my remarks very pleasantly, and trusted "the experiment," as she termed it, would prove mutually serviceable. How far she will feel it her duty to comply with his sub-batrical notions, observance of forms, church-going worship, &c. I do not know. When I asked her, whether she should join ~~with~~ him in what is called "family worship," i. e. a formal offering of prayer morning and evening, she answered ~~that~~ in the affirmative. If so, I fear she will be prepared to go further. For I did hope that she had been led to see, that, in Christ Jesus, all stated observances are so many self-imposed and unnecessary yokes; and that prayer and worship are all embodied in that pure, meek, child-like state of heart, which affectionately and reverently breathes but one petition - "Thy will be done, on earth as it is in heaven." Religion, dear Helen, is nothing but love - perfect love toward God and toward man - without formality, without hypocrisy, without partiality - depending upon no outward form to preserve its vitality, or prove its existence. May you know its abiding operation.

Last evening, I took tea with bro. Wright and the Grimkes at Robert Douglass's house, (a colored friend,) - after which, we went to hear Joseph John Gurney preach at the Arch-street meeting-house. He is a distinguished orthodox Friend from England, with whom I became slightly acquainted in London. The spacious house was crowded to overflowing - but I derived no edification from the sermon, the object of which seemed to be to warn the young Friends not to fall into the Hicksite heresy. He is, in his personal appearance, a fine specimen of English corpulence, having "a fair round belly, with good capon lines." During his long and tedious harangue, he stood fixed like a statue, with

his hands lazily flung behind him, and singing his badly enunciated words in the usual absurd and unnatural manner of Quaker preachers. Although he was a flaming abolitionist in England, he has acted in this country very much as Cox and Frobby did, having scarcely opened his lips since his arrival on the subject of slavery. He is very staid and formal in his movements—and on sitting down at the conclusion of his discourse, manifested as much care as if he had a score of eggs under him. I went with bro. Wright, this morning, to see him; but, anticipating a visit from me, he obviously chose to be absent, and so our call was in vain. He leaves the city to-day. When will England send us another man, like George Thompson, able to stand erect on our slave-cursed soil?

Yesterday afternoon, a number of our abolition friends arrived from New-York—among them Alvan Stewart, St. Clair, Mr. Fuller and wife, dear Mary, etc. On board the steam-boat from Bordentown to Philadelphia, our friends obtained leave of the captain to hold a discussion in the cabin on slavery. Several slaveholders were on board. Alvan Stewart had not spoken more than a minute or two, before they began to shout, "Down with him! Hustle him out! Throw him overboard!" This induced the captain to break up the meeting—but our friends carried on the discussion in private parties until they arrived in the city. When I came on, I was introduced to a slaveholder of Alabama, who shook me by the hand with great courtesy. I took a severe cold by the way, and am very hoarse at present. It generally happens that I lose my voice by the time I land in Philadelphia from Boston. Bro. Wright has also a bad cold. Yesterday I bought a bottle of Mrs. Gardner's Balsam of Siverwort, and already begin to feel its salutary influence. My head continues about the same—it is no worse—my ears discharging as usual, but my nose not troubling me. You need not be at all anxious about me. I cannot be in better hands, and mean to take all due care of myself. Mary is well, and in good spirits.

I have received no letter from you since the one you sent by May, but shall expect one, to-night, on the arrival of Mrs. Chapman, or by the next mail. My heart yearns to be with you and the dear babes - for, although I am happy here, I am always happier at home, by your own dear side, with my darling children in my arms.

Single. - Paid.

PAID

PAID
MAY 21 1840
NEW YORK

Mrs. Helen E. Garrison,
Care of Isaac Knapp,
25, Cornhill,

Boston,
Mass.

The wedding between Theodore and Angelina will be consummated on Monday evening next. Neither Whittier nor any other Quaker can be present to witness the ceremony, on pain of excommunication from the Society of Friends. What an absurd and despotic rule! Sarah must be cut off for being with Angelina when married! Only think of it!

Dear wife, I feel anxious to know how you are in health, and what is the condition of dear little Willie, and also my darling George. Do let me hear from you, if you have not yet written. I shall not leave here till Friday morning next on my way home - and hope to embrace you in love on Saturday.

Love to cousin Lucy and Eliza.
Yours, devotedly,
Wm. Lloyd Garrison.